CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.

CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.

Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1982

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL SERIES.

MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON MILTON

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY

DAVID SOLOAN, B. A.

HALIFAX, N. S.:
T. C. ALLEN & CO.

R
58
W
.1

PR
3581
M1
c.1

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PR
3581
M2
1898
Sp. Coll.

SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS

T. C. ALLEN & CO., Halifax, N. S.

MILTON

AN ESSAY

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

EDITED FOR USE IN SCHOOLS, WITH TEXT, NOTES, QUESTIONS AND INTRODUCTION

BY

DAVID SOLOAN, B.A.,
PRINCIPAL OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, NEW GLASGOW, N.S.

HALIFAX, N.S.
T. C. ALLEN & CO.

PR
3581
M11
c.1

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1898, by T. C. ALLEN & Co., in the Department of Agriculture (Copyright Branch).

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Early in the eighteenth century there was an Aulay Macaulay, a needy minister of the establishment, in Tiree and Coll. He had a son, John, who became a minister, too, renowned for his fluency, and of high reputation as a preacher, from whose manse came Zachary Macaulay, the father of the subject of our sketch. The name is not Scottish in derivation, but Norse; for, as we have seen, the Macaulays came from the Western Isles of Scotland, showing in their countenances, as Carlyle said, "the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in those parts."

Zachary Macaulay was a man of singular force of character and of sound principle. Sent to Jamaica, as a boy, to look after the interests of a Scottish business house, he there formed an acquaintance with negro slavery that soon determined the course his later life was to pursue. He became a zealous abolitionist. Having gone over to the low church party of the English establishment, he became editor of the *Christian Observer*, finding in this journal a medium of expression for his own views and those of his friend and great co-worker, Wilberforce. His efforts were untiring. Health, fortune, ease and favour were sacrificed in the cause, for his immutable conviction was "that God had called him to wage war with this gigantic evil." His talents, too, were by no means ordinary. Not only was he esteemed by British statesmen and *savants* such as Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh, but he

enjoyed the regard of celebrities like Chateaubriand, Sismondi, de Stael and the Duc de Broglie, with whom he was in frequent correspondence. His house in London became a resort and a centre of consultation for members of Parliament, men of Zachary Macaulay's own integrity and worth—patriotic, disinterested men who discussed matters of state from the point of view of the public good, without any thought of ambition, jealousy, or self seeking.

Such was Zachary Macaulay. Certainly, much was to be looked for in a son brought up by a parent of this sort and among influences like these; and young Thomas Babington from early infancy showed signs of extraordinary talent coupled with the sterling qualities of character inherited from his father. He was a very precocious lad. The literary faculty developed in him early, and allied with it were powers of memory that have seldom been equalled—gifts that at once distinguished him at school and, later, at the university. Reading was his hobby and his delight. But reading, with Macaulay, meant mastering a writer, words as well as substance; and reading seems to have made him not only "a full man," according to the promise of the philosopher, but "a ready man," as well. He digested and assimilated everything that came his way. Poetry, history, fiction, good, bad, or indifferent, — it mattered not what, or when he had read it, — his amazing memory never delayed, when called on, to bring forth from its recesses the thought and the very language of his author.

The profession he chose on leaving the University was law. In 1826, in his twenty-seventh year, he was called to the Bar. In spite of his choice, however, he did not look seriously to the Bar as a profession; for the study and practice of law proved uncongenial to him Politics was more to his liking, and for it he was eminently qualified. Indeed, it was inevitable that he should some day drift into Parliament; for his well stored mind, his gift of ready and telling oratory, his pugnacious,

vehement temperament, and his Whig tendencies, pointed him out as a most desirable acquisition to the cause of Reform, which was now riding on the full tide of popular favour. Already, in 1824, he had ventured to address a great public meeting in a speech before the Anti-Slavery Society, and sat down amid a whirlwind of cheers. This, we are told, was his first public address; but even then the young Reformer had matured a style of oratory that won applause from the practised speakers of the day.

Politics, so Lady Trevelyan wrote, now became intensely interesting for Macaulay. Canning's life and work, the repeal of the Test Act, Catholic Emancipation, in turn, filled his whole heart and soul. In due course of time, at the age of thirty, he entered Parliament, under the patronage of Lord Lansdowne, as member for Calne, and for some years the great political issues of the period almost engrossed his attention.

In the meantime his pen had been engaged. As a child, he had dabbled in both prose and verse, filling reams of paper with effusions worthless enough in themselves but prophetic of the literary power of maturer years, and by the time he began to contribute for the press, he had developed a prose style, which for healthy tone, for lucidity, ease and energy, was unsurpassed by the veteran reviewers of his day. The essay on Milton, which appeared in 1825 in the *Edinburgh Review*, was one of the earliest of Macaulay's published articles, and it was this piece that instantly made his reputation as an essayist. "The more I think," said of it Jeffrey, the famous editor of the Whig monthly, "the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." Contributions from so brilliant a writer were, of course, eagerly sought, and Macaulay's connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, the great organ of Reform opinion, became a permanent one. Essay after essay appeared, each in a masterly style that was nothing less than a revelation

of wide and accurate scholarship, of vivid historical imagination and pictorial power, of wholesome English sentiment, of cogent argument and dazzling rhetoric.

In Parliament, as an orator, Macaulay early won a fame as great, though hardly so enduring, as his literary reputation. His speeches on the Reform Bill gave him at once a front rank among Parliamentary orators, and opened up to him opportunity for a great political career. Fortune smiled upon his ambition. His party was in the ascendant, himself in high repute; and, when the Whig ministry came into power, in 1832, the rising young politician was appointed a Commissioner of the Board of Control for India. For four years Macaulay remained in the House, ardently battling for Whig principles and playing a conspicuous part in the stirring events of the time, when, suddenly, in 1834, he withdrew from public view in England to fill the important position of member of the Supreme Council of India. The reason for this abrupt translation out of the sphere of politics Macaulay openly acknowledged to be poverty. His writings and his office, which were almost his only sources of income, gave an inadequate support; for his father's debts, which he had honourably assumed, pressed hard upon him. Four years in India at a salary of ten thousand pounds would enable him to come back to England a rich man, in a position to maintain his views in parliament independent of office and party and without being compelled to divide his energies so largely with literary labour. "I am not fond of money," he writes at this time, "or anxious about it. But, though every day makes me less and less eager for wealth, every day shows me more and more strongly how necessary a competence is to a man who desires to be either great or useful. At present, the plain fact is that I can continue to be a public man only while I can continue in office. If I left my place in the government, I must leave my seat in parliament, too. For I must live: I can live only by my pen; and it is absolutely impossible for

any man to write enough to procure him a decent subsistence, and at the same time to take an active part in politics."

Macaulay's pecuniary aspirations were realized. In 1838 he was back in London, and next year he reëntered Parliament and accepted office in the Whig ministry of Lord John Russell, as Secretary for War. But, though he served with distinction, he hardly fulfilled the promise of his earlier career. The fact was, his interests had become diverted in some measure from politics. Literature was now his mistress. Henceforth his genius was to be mainly devoted to his pen. For years he had cherished the idea of writing a history of England, and ultimately, on the defeat of his party in 1841, although he retained his seat in the House, he was left free to follow the promptings of his heart. The fruits of his sojourn in India were given to the public in the superb historical essays on Clive and Warren Hastings; and, in 1848, appeared the first two volumes of his History of England, followed, seven years later, by two more volumes. The phenomenal success of this work is well known. Its popularity has never been exceeded by any treatise of similar character. One finds Macaulay's History everywhere. Everyone that reads, reads it. Its celebrity is by no means confined to English-speaking people, either. Immediately on the appearance of the first volumes, six rival translators sat down to turn the work into German; and it was soon afterwards reproduced in all the great languages of Europe. The German historian, von Ranke, spoke of the author as the "incomparable man whose works have a European, or rather a world-wide circulation, to a degree unequalled by any of his contemporaries."

Macaulay was still in the prime of middle life, with the expectation of many years of intellectual and physical vigour, when the second instalment of his history was published. The incentive to continuing and completing his great work was of the best. Love of country and of his country's annals was with him a passion. He was now rich and famous.

Learned societies honoured him; foreign potentates bestowed their decorations upon him; and his nation elevated him to a peerage. But, though unsuspected by himself, his robust constitution was profoundly weakened by the mental strain of years of unremitting labour. Then came the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny, a catastrophe which weighed upon his mind; for his excitable temperament was easily appealed to by the realisation of his country's dangers and by the tragedies enacted on the very scenes of some of his happiest years. Still, there was no marked break-down in health, and his troubles, though really physical, were believed to be mental. Life was still sweet to him. His tastes were always wholesome; and his remaining days were passed in the refined ease of the scholar whose heart ever beat warm for country, kinsfolk and friends. Somewhat unexpectedly, the silent messenger came. On the 28th day of December, 1859, this splendid Englishman passed away. He died as he had always wished to die—"without pain; without any formal farewell; preceding to the grave nearly all whom he loved; and leaving behind him a great and honourable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences."

Of Macaulay's personality there is much to be learned that is both interesting and edifying. His personal appearance is said to have been well hit off in two sentences of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine:* "There came up a short, manly figure, marvellously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good-humour, or both, you do not regret its absence." Carlyle caught his face in a moment of unwonted repose and liked it. "Well," he soliloquized, with grim good-nature, "anyone can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal."

One who desires to form an intimate acquaintance with Macaulay can do no better than to read the charming biography written by his nephew, Trevelyan. In the case of a writer, a study of character and formative influences runs parallel to the consideration of his style. By style, however, one must understand not merely the skilful dealing with words and expressions according to conscious rules. In its deeper signification, it has to do with the man himself. For the writer's language, in its true interpretation, cannot fail to be the expression of himself; and not merely of his external and obvious qualities, but equally of his most secret being; of his mental processes, his aims and ideals, and of all the instincts and influences that go to make up the individual. As a man thinks and feels, so will it be natural for him to speak or to write. He can never divest himself, even temporarily, of his habits of mind or disassociate himself from his own natural promptings; and his manner or method in writing will be successful in just so far as it enables him to reproduce his mental state. This is what the French mean by their maxim, "The style is the man."

As already remarked, Macaulay was an uncommonly precocious child. The dangers usually attendant on precocious genius were, however, warded off by the judicious home-training of his mother. Of vanity the lad showed no trace. He was never permitted to think that he was cleverer than other boys; and to his last days he seems to have, in consequence, overestimated the abilities of those with whom he conversed and for whom he wrote. His astonishing erudition did not appear to himself as at all inordinate; for he habitually took for granted that his hearers or readers were as familiar with his innumerable facts and allusions as he was himself. His sensibilities and affections developed, too, at a remarkably early age, his mother says. "He would cry for joy on seeing her after a few hours' absence, and, till her husband put a stop

to it, her power of exciting his feelings was often made an exhibition to her friends."

His early training was received from masters of small day-schools where Greek and Latin were the chief subjects taught. Accordingly, the boy grew up with the limitations of most of the scholars of his time. His interests were almost exclusively literary. Nature pleased him, as it pleases any healthy mind, but it excited in him no profound interest. He was observant of phenomena, but not an inquirer. Indeed, throughout his life, in all his relations to men and things, Macaulay was content with the phenomenal aspect of things, and largely lacked the scientific instinct which hesitates to accept as fact what is merely apparent. "He was not unpopular among his fellow-pupils," writes his biographer, "who regarded him with pride and admiration, tempered by the compassion which his utter inability to play at any sort of game would have excited in every school, private or public alike. The tone of his correspondence during these years sufficiently indicates that he lived almost exclusively among books. It required the crowd and stir of a university to call forth the social qualities which he possessed in so large a measure." A paragraph from a letter by his sister pictures the merriment that went on in the Macaulay household on the occasion of the lad's return from his first boarding-school, and dwells on the delightful boyishness which to the last Macaulay retained in his relations to his sisters and younger relatives. For boisterous romping, boyish pranks and fun of all kinds he was ever ready, ignoring completely the disparity of age between himself and his boy and girl playmates.

At the university, he was distinguished by his inattention to mathematical and scientific studies and by breadth of classical scholarship. He detested the machine work of manufacturing Latin verses, as he disliked later the barren principles of legal lore. For argument his relish was of the keenest sort. "He

had his faults, too; but," as Trevelyan says, they "were such as give annoyance to those who dislike a man rather than anxiety to those who love him. Vehemence, over-confidence, the inability to recognize that there are two sides to a question, or two people in a dialogue, are defects which, during youth, are perhaps inseparable from gifts like those with which he was endowed." Even as a very young man, nine people out of ten liked nothing better than to listen to him; which was fortunate, because in his early days he had scanty respect of persons either as regarded the choice of his topics or the quantity of his words. But, with his excellent temper and entire absence of conceit, he soon began to learn consideration for others in small things as well as in great. By the time he was fairly launched in London, he was agreeable in company as well as forcible and amusing. Wilberforce speaks of his "unruffled good humour." Sir Robert Inglis, a good observer, pronounced that he conversed and did not dictate, and that he was loud but never overbearing.

"He reserved his pugnacity," his biographer tells us, "for quarrels undertaken on public grounds and fought out with the world as an umpire. . . . He was too apt to undervalue both the heart and the head of those who desired to maintain the old system of civil and religious exclusion, and who grudged political power to those of their fellow-countrymen whom he was himself prepared to enfranchise. Independent, frank, and proud almost to a fault, he detested the whole race of jobbers and time-servers, parasites and scandal-mongers, led-captains, led-authors, and led-orators." "What is far better," said Sydney Smith, "and more important than all is this, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. . . He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world would not bribe him to neglect her interests."

What has been quoted above describes pretty fully the man that wrote the Essay on Milton, while it indicates, too, the

limitations of Macaulay as a literary critic, and particularly as a critic of Milton and his times. In spite of the admiration we feel for his energetic and captivating method of presenting an argument, we cannot help regarding him as an advocate determined to force an acceptance of his theories and conclusions, rather than as a willing witness laying before us the whole of the truth at his disposal. Only one side of the case interests him. He does not try to enter into sympathy with each of two opposing parties; for he seldom searches deep enough into the hidden springs of human conduct to enable himself to do this. What lies open and conspicuous satisfies him: to examine deeper would be superfluous; since he generally manages to make his case to his own satisfaction without having to do so. The result is that Macaulay is unsuggestive. We accompany him admiringly through his symmetrical structure of fact and reasoning; we behold with delight its perfect architectural proportions and admirable disposition of details; but the edifice conveys to us no impression of vastness; no sense of mystery, no appeal to the infinite in our nature. Everything about it is finite, comprehensible. There is nothing to make us feel deeply, nothing to set us thinking for ourselves.

Dissatisfied, however, though we may be with Macaulay the critic, we are nevertheless compelled to admit the success of Macaulay the advocate. It is not as criticism that the essay on Milton is chiefly valuable. In penetrative power it is wanting; it lacks poetical insight; it conveys somewhat disproportionate estimates of the various poems. As a piece of special pleading, however, it has scarcely been surpassed, and upon its merits as such, alone, must this piece be judged.

The young writer was particularly happy in his choice of subject. The grand old poet of Puritan England had long been misunderstood; for Englishmen knew him best through a very biased and incomplete "Life" by Johnson. It needed only the pictorial touch of Macaulay to bring back

to view the stirring scenes amid which the poet lived, to reproduce the circumstances which called forth Puritanism and its poet, in order to have the author of our one great epic speak again in trumpet-tones to the nation and hear his people thunder forth their loud acclaims. Macaulay's defence reads like an oration of classic times. True, the case for the defence was an easy one, full of opportunities for rhetorical argument and lofty panegyric. The very suggestion of Milton was inspiring, and the very thought of re-establishing the poet on the throne of English poesy and in the hearts of English patriots was in itself splendid; but even the nobility of the client and the splendour of the cause hardly surpass the magnificence of the pleading. A close study of the piece will reveal minor defects in argument which in a hasty reading may pass undetected; the canons of taste will condemn the occasionally over-exuberant rhetoric of the appeal; the judicial mind is a trifle disturbed by the assumption of half-truths as verities and by the frequent demonstrations of personal prejudice and party feeling; the keen ear may detect an artificial balance and a brazen ring in the sentences; but even the most fault-finding critic will not attempt to belittle the vigour, ease and charm with which the author wields his native English; the confident, manly fashion in which he demands the reader's attention, and the care which he takes never to endanger this afterward by any looseness or obscurity of statement; the forceful antitheses and apt illustrations; the rapidity and telling nature of the argument; the bold frankness with which he speaks his mind; and, above all, the stimulating effect of his utterance upon the reader.

MILTON.

(1825.)

Towards the close of the year 1823, Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the state papers, in the course of his researches among the presses of his office met with a large Latin manuscript. With it were found corrected copies of the foreign dispatches written by Milton while he filled the office of secretary,[1] and several papers relating to the Popish Trials and the Rye House Plot.[2] The whole was wrapped up in an envelope, superscribed, "To Mr. Skinner, Merchant."[3] On examination the large manuscript proved to be the long-lost essay on the Doctrines of Christianity, which, according to Wood and Toland,[4] Milton finished after the Restoration, and deposited with Cyriac Skinner.[5] Skinner, it is well known, held the same political opinions with his illustrious friend. It is therefore probable, as Mr. Lemon conjectures, that he may have fallen under the suspicions of the government during that persecution of the Whigs which followed the dissolution of the Oxford

1. That is, Secretary of Foreign Tongues, under the Commonwealth. See your *History of England*, under date 1649.

2. See *History of England*, reign of Charles II., for this and other allusions in the next twelve lines.

3. This was Daniel Skinner, who, after Milton's death, tried to have the MSS. referred to printed in Holland. From Holland the MSS. came back to England and passed into the hands of the authorities, who pigeon-holed them.

4. Scholars of the eighteenth century, each of whom wrote a life of Milton.

5. This is the Cyriac Skinner to whom Milton addressed *Sonnets* XXI. and XXII. He was uncle to Mr. Skinner, merchant, mentioned above.

Parliament ;[1] and that, in consequence of a general seizure of his papers, this work may have been brought to the office in which it has been found. But whatever the adventures of the manuscript may have been, no doubt can exist that it is a genuine relic of the great poet.

Mr. Sumner,[2] who was commanded by His Majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of his task in a manner honourable to his talents and to his character. His version is not, indeed, very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others.

The book itself[3] will not add much to the fame of Milton. It is, like all his Latin works, well written, though not exactly in the style of the prize essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees.[4] The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not, in short, sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements. The nature of his subject compelled him to use many words

"That would have made Quintilian[5] stare and gasp."

1. The Parliament of 1681 met at Oxford. "If the Parliament were held in its usual place of assembling . . . the trainbands might rise to defend Shaftesbury as they had risen forty years before to defend Pym and Hampden. At Oxford there was no such danger. The University was devoted to the Crown ; and the gentry of the neighbourhood were generally Tories."—*Macaulay, Vol. I., Chap. II.*

2. Chaplain to George IV.

3. What does Macaulay mean by "The book itself"?

4. See *Mark, 7 : 3, 4 ; Luke, 11 : 39.* Express the meaning of the last clause in unfigurative language.

5. The Roman rhetorician of the first century, A.D. The line is from *Sonnet XI.*, of Milton. In the treatise, *De Doctrina Christiana*, Milton used many words not sanctioned by the usage of the best Roman writers.

But he writes with as much ease and freedom as if Latin were his mother tongue; and, where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner. We may apply to him what Denham[1] with great felicity says of Cowley. He wears the garb, but not the clothes, of the ancients.[2]

Throughout the volume are discernible the traces of a powerful and independent mind, emancipated from the influence of authority, and devoted to the search of truth. Milton professes to form his system from the Bible alone; and his digest of scriptural texts is certainly among the best that have appeared. But he is not always so happy in his inferences as in his citations.

Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism,[3] and his theory on the subject of polygamy.[4] Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the "Paradise Lost" without suspecting him of the former; nor do we think that any reader, acquainted with the history of his life, ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise.

But we will not go into the discussion of these points. The book, were it far more orthodox or far more

1. Denham and Cowley were poets contemporary with Milton.

2. What meaning do you take from this sentence? The reference is to Denham's lines *On Mr. Abraham Cowley:*

> "Horace's wit and Virgil's state
> He did not steal, but emulate!
> And when he would like them appear,
> Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear."

3. Arius (A D. 317) taught that the Son of God was only the first and noblest of created beings, inferior to the Father not merely in dignity, but in essence. Read *Paradise Lost* at the following lines: *Book VI. 699; Book VII. 163; Book X. 68.*

4. Milton held that the Bible does not expressly forbid polygamy.

heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation. The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos. A few more days and this essay will follow the "Defensio Populi"[1] to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. The name of its author, and the remarkable circumstances attending its publication, will secure to it a certain degree of attention. For a month or two it will occupy a few minutes of chat in every drawing-room, and a few columns in every magazine; and it will then, to borrow the elegant[2] language of the play-bills, be withdrawn to make room for the forthcoming novelties.

We wish, however, to avail ourselves of the interest, transient as it may be, which this work has excited. The dexterous[3] Capuchins[4] never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint till they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him,— a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. On the same principle, we intend to take advantage of the late interesting discovery, and, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor,[5] we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present, we turn for a short time from the topics of the day to commemorate, in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher,

1. Milton's celebrated vindication of the English people in their execution of Charles I. The circumstances calling for this treatise are stated on p. 50.

2. Is "elegant" the word you would have used here?

3. Crabb says that "dexterous" refers to modes of *physical* action. Compare with following passages from *Macaulay's History, Chapters VI. and XIII.*: "The most cautious, dexterous, and taciturn of men"; ". . . . . were induced by dexterous management to abate their demands." See, also, p. 37 of this Essay.

4. An order of monks.

5. Note similar uses of this word in the essay. Is the effect here graceful, or the reverse?

the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known, and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works, they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied by their own powers the want of instruction,[1] and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created: he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must, therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions in consideration of these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavourable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late."[2] For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of much clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical

1. Can you name some such men?

2. See *Paradise Lost*, ix. 44. " . . . unless an age too late, or cold Climate, or years, damp my intended wing." Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, wrote as follows: "There prevailed in his time an opinion that the world was in its decay. . . . . Milton appears to suspect that souls partake of the general degeneracy, and is not without some fear that his book is to be written in an age too late for heroic poesy." There is no "clumsy ridicule" in the passage referred to.

genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely, the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts.[1] The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on political economy could teach Montague[2] or Walpole[3] many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great

1. What does the writer mean by "the imitative arts?"
2. The famous Chancellor of the Exchequer under William III.
3. See your *History of England*.

Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state.[1] Nations, like individuals, first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical; that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations,—of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge, but particularity is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury;[2] he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius;[3] or he may never think about the matter

1. Perhaps you will object to this and to other statements found here. Do not let the writer, with his pistol-shot arguments, bully you into accepting all his conclusions.

Punctuate the paragraph according to your own method.

2. The third earl (1671-1713), a moral philosopher, and the author of "*Characteristics.*"

3. A French philosopher of the eighteenth century. See list of literary men in your history.

at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe[1] or the blushes of his Aurora.[2] If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in "The Fable of the Bees." But could Mandeville[3] have created an Iago?[4] Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, — a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigour and felicity of their diction, and

1. For boasting of her numerous offspring, Niobe was slain, through the jealousy of Apollo and Diana. Jupiter changed her into a rock, from which a rivulet, fed by her tears, continually pours.

2. The goddess of the morning.

3. Bernard de Mandeville (1670–1733). The moral of his *Fable of the Bees* is:

> "Then leave complaints: fools only strive
> To make a great an honest hive."

Luxury and vice, it is argued, are beneficial to society.

4. The villain in Shakespeare's *Othello*. Why does Macaulay select this particular character? Does the last note afford a clue?

still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:—

> "As imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."[1]

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet,—a fine frenzy, doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just, but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence, of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding Hood.[2] She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age

1. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. i. 14-47.

2. The writer does not hesitate to make sweeping statements. Macaulay's own letters are a commentary on this passage; for there he tells of his reading with eyes full of tears pathetic passages of fiction.

Does *Red Riding Hood* come under the definition of poetry given on last page? If so, is the definition a good one? Do you consider Macaulay's application of the term, "greatest of poets," to Shakespeare, consistent with his opinion expressed on page 8, that, "as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines"?

there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare, but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors,—the agony, the ecstacy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists,[1] according to Plato, could scarce recite Homer without falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping-knife while he shouts his death song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up grow fainter and fainter.[2] We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth, and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child.[3] He

1. The wandering minstrels of ancient Greece, who recited epics in public places. Their art was the forerunner of stage-acting. Plato is misinterpreted here. The "fine frenzy," of last page, would express his idea more nearly than the word "convulsions."

2. An apt illustration, well elaborated.

3. Observe the dogmatic manner in which the author begins this and some of the preceding paragraphs.

must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labour, and long meditation employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.[1]

If these reasonings[2] be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education; he was a profound and elegant classical scholar; he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature;[3] he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch[4] was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination; nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the Middle Ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and

1. Who were the poets of Macaulay's time? Have there been great poets since? Do you endorse the view here expressed?

2. At what page do "these reasonings" begin? Reproduce the argument in brief.

3. The writings of the Hebrew masters of the law and teachers.

4. See list of great names of the 14th century in your history.

was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as a habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.[1]

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of the "Paradise Lost" should have written the "Epistle to Manso"[2] was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton, the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, his genius gives to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

> "About him exercised heroic games
> The unarmed youth of heaven; but nigh at hand
> Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
> Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold."[3]

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt anything like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remark-

1. What do you think of the aptness and elegance of this illustration?

2. The Marquis Manso, a patron of letters, had received Milton kindly at his home in Naples.

3. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 551–554.

able passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors.[1] The most unimaginative man must understand the Iliad. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets the images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed unless the mind of the reader coöperate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the keynote, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced than the past is present and the distant

1. Can you work out the parallel?

near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed.[1] The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame."[2] The miserable failure of Dryden[3] in his attempt to translate into his own diction some parts of the "Paradise Lost" is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known, or more frequently repeated, than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names.[4] They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood,—the schoolroom, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the

1. Recall what the author says on page 9 with regard to the language best fitted for the poet's purpose. Seventeenth century English seems, from Macaulay's own statement, to have been well fitted for Milton's purpose.

2. You should be familiar with the tale. Observe the felicitous comparisons in this paragraph.

3. In his opera, *The State of Innocence and the Fall of Man.*

4. Perhaps you can find such a passage in *Paradise Lost, Book I.*

enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamored knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the "Allegro" and the "Penseroso." It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as attar of roses differs from ordinary rosewater, the close-packed essence from the thin, diluted mixture. They are, indeed, not so much poems as collections of hints, from each or which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza.

The "Comus" and the "Samson Agonistes"[1] are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. Both are lyric poems in the form of plays. There are, perhaps, no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newbery, in which a single movable head goes round twenty different bodies, so that the same face looks out upon us, successively, from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar.[2] In all the characters,—patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers,—the frown and sneer of Harold[3] were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode.

1. Compare the dates of the poems mentioned.

2. Similes equally striking and grotesque are to be found elsewhere in the essay. Watch for them.

3. The chief character of Byron's *Childe Harold.*

It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself without reserve to his own emotions.[1]

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavoured to effect an amalgamation, but never with complete success. The Greek drama, on the model of which the "Samson" was written, sprang from the ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus it should seem that they still looked up, with the veneration of disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tinctured with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is discernible in the works of Pindar and Æschylus. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The Book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to those of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd; considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs,[2] by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnif-

1. What is the main topic of this paragraph? Through how many pages is the subject discussed? Note that *ode* here means *lyric poetry*, poetical composition expressive of the *writer's own* feelings and impulses.

2. The allusions, as the context shows, are to passages from the plays of Æschylus. Use your books of reference in studying this page.

icence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity,[1] not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance, but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly,—much more highly than, in our opinion, Euripides deserved.[2] Indeed, the caresses which this partiality leads our countryman to bestow on "sad Electra's[3] poet" sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairyland kissing the long ears of Bottom.[4] At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the "Samson Agonistes." Had Milton taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent, he has failed, as every one else must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralize each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this

1. Make sure what this word means here.

2. Ten years later Macaulay wrote: "I could not bear Euripides at college. I now read my recantation. He has faults, undoubtedly. But what a poet!" And again: "I own that I like him now better than Sophocles."

3. See Milton's *Sonnet viii.*

4. See *Midsummer Night's Dream, IV.: 1.* Do you find on this page any of the similes, or illustrations, alluded to in note 2, page 17?

celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The "Comus" is framed on the model of the Italian masque,[1] as the "Samson" is framed on the model of the Greek tragedy. It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the "Faithful Shepherdess" as the "Faithful Shepherdess" is to the "Aminta," or the "Aminta" to the "Pastor Fido."[2] It was well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet[3] attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-day.[4] Whatever ornaments she wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the "Comus" to the distinction which he afterwards neglected in the "Samson." He

1. Try to gather, from the context, what a masque is; then look up the word in a dictionary, or in some work on English literature.

2. The first is a pastoral drama by Fletcher, a contemporary of Shakespeare. The others are by Italian writers of the 17th century, Tasso and Guarini, respectively. See your history.

3. Look up this word.

> "Himself a palmer poor,
> In homely russet clad."—*Drayton.*

4. On Mayday the London sweeps used to march in procession fantastically dressed.

made his masque what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has therefore succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," said the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique,[1] delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I must plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labor of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own Good Genius bursting from the earthly form and weeds[2] of Thyrsis,[3] he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,—

> "Now my task is smoothly done,
> I can fly, or I can run,"[4]

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides.

1. The word here means "pastoral," as Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, wrote in the Doric dialect of Greek. In *Lycidas* Milton uses the word in the same sense. See line 189.

2. Look up this interesting word.

3. The Good Genius in *Comus* takes the form of the shepherd Thyrsis.

4. These lines are from *Comus;* the remainder of the sentence, too, is a paraphrase of the epilogue of *Comus*.

There are several of the minor poems[1] of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the "Paradise Regained," which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned except as an instance of the blindness of the parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the "Paradise Lost," we readily admit. But we are sure that the superiority of the "Paradise Lost" to the "Paradise Regained" is not more decided than the superiority of the "Paradise Regained" to every poem which has since made its appearance.[2] Our limits, however, prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the "Paradise Lost" is the "Divine Comedy." The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet, than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico.[3] The images which Dante employs speak for themselves; they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the

1. Name some of these. Most critics place *Lycidas* above some of the poems Macaulay has dealt with.

2. Macaulay held in low esteem the poets of his time. See p. 13.

3. Picture writing was "the art of recording events by means of pictures representing the things, or actions, in question."—*Tylor.* Hieroglyphics were partly phonetic, and were ultimately modified into alphabetic writing.

appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the colour, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn, not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem, but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon[1] was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles.

Now let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out, huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea monster which the mariner mistakes for an island.[2] When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas;[3] his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod:[4] "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome, and his other limbs were in proportion; so that the bank, which concealed him from the the waist downwards,

1. The references are to Dante's *Inferno*.

2. *Paradise Lost*, i. 194.

3. In classical mythology Atlas was supposed to support the world on his shoulders. His figure was used to adorn the frontispieces of collections of maps; hence, our word, *atlas*.

4. See *Genesis*, x. 8-12; also, your history.

nevertheless showed so much of him that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazar house in the eleventh book of the "Paradise Lost" with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery: Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attendance; Death shaking his dart over them, but, in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was such a moan there as there would be if all the sick who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia, were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedency between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has wisely, or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. "The Divine Comedy" is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death; who has read the dusky characters[1] on the portal within which there is no hope; who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon;[2] who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of Barbariccia and Draghignazzo.[3] His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer.[4] His own feet have

1. "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."—*Inferno*, iii. 9.
2. Look up the classical use of this word.
3. The names of fiends in Dante's poem.
4. See *Isaiah*, xiv. 12-15.

climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel.[1] The reader would throw aside such a tale in incredulous disgust unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity; with a sobriety even in its horrors; with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of Amadis[2] differ from those of Gulliver. The author of "Amadis" would have made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which give such a charm to the work of Swift,— the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw very many strange sights, and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, resident at Rotherhithe, tells us of pygmies, and giants, flying islands, and philosophizing horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce for a single moment a deception on the imagination.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him; and, as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many

1. The angel at the entrance of Purgatory marks Dante's forehead with seven *P*'s, the initial of the Italian word for *sin*. As Dante mounts upward, the marks disappear.

2. A mediæval romance of chivalry.

In the comparison between Milton and Dante, the following passages are referred to: *Inferno*, i. 117; iii. 9; ix. 52; ix. 112; xii. 4; xvi. 94; xxi. 58; xxix. 46; xxxiv. 70; xi. 120; x. 32; *Purgatorio*, xxx.

functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names,[1] originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena. We cannot explain them into material causes. We therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word, but we have no image of the thing; and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed, but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas and a box of colors to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions, but the great mass of men must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity.[2] But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the sun the worship which, in speculation, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible

1. "Another inconvenience of Milton's design is that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of spirits."—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*

2. This is an assumption of the writer's.

and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling.[1] God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshipers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception, but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy,[2] and the pride of the Portico,[2] and the fasces of the Lictor,[3] and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. The men who demolished the images in cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations we infer that no poet, who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme

1. Do you infer from this sentence that one of the secondary causes assigned by Gibbon for the rapid spread of Christianity was the "desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration"? Gibbon enumerates the secondary causes as follows: "Exclusive zeal, the immediate expectation of another world, the claim of miracles, the practice of high virtue, and the constitution of the primitive church." Criticise Macaulay's sentence in the light of this quotation.

2. Schools of Greek philosophy.

3. Roman magistrates acting in official capacity were attended by lictors, executive officers bearing bundles of rods (fasces), with axes inside.

which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of poetical colouring can produce no illusion when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary that the spirits should be clothed with material forms. "But," says he, "the poet should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if Milton could not seduce his readers to drop immateriality from their thoughts?[1] What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the half belief which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But, though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously through

1. Our own opinion is that, far from wishing to do this, or from temporizing in the matter, Milton, throughout the poem, endeavours to give a lucid interpretation of spiritual things in the light of the Puritan reasoning of his time. It must be remembered that Milton was both a philosopher and a theologian.

You will hardly be expected to discuss this question until you have read much of Milton and of his centemporaries.

a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque, indeed, beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest, but it is not the interest which is proper. to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and demons, without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan,[1] ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful, ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Farinata is justly separated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fé*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice.[2] Yet what is it but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet, austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They

1. In Mozart's celebrated opera of this name, Don Juan invites to supper the ghost of his murdered victim.

2. Dante's lost love, who meets him in Purgatory and is his guide through Paradise.

have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum[1] of Tasso and Klopstock.[2] They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and dæmons[3] of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. The legends of Æschylus seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticos, in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven headed idols. His favorite gods are those of the elder generation, the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart,— the gigantic Titans and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of Heaven. Prometheus bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters, also, are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He

1. "Nonsensical contrivances or actions to produce terror among the ignorant or weak-minded"—*Encycl. Dict.*

2. A German poet of last century. See list of names in history.

3. The Greek "daemon" is the connecting link between the gods and man, such a spirit as Prometheus, mentioned below: not necessarily an *evil* spirit.

talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture; he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from anything external, nor even from hope itself.

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame[1] who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, coloured by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of spirit, that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the "Divine Comedy" we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance

1. Note the abusive nature of the epithets. Probably he has Byron in mind here, but, if so, his criticism is neither penetrating nor just. It is a rudeness of speech, however, not of real feeling. The temptation to sacrifice truth to effect is sometimes too strong.

of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness."[1] The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belong to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and of the public.[2] It was a loathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of "Comus,"—grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these that fair Muse was

1. *Job*, x. 22.

2. Look up names of writers of this period, and judge whether present-day critics might not take exception to this statement.

placed, like the chaste lady of the masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rout of satyrs and goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful.[1] Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes,—such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die.[2]

Hence it was that, though he wrote the "Paradise Lost" at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus[3] nor Ariosto[4] had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and

1. The famous critic, Matthew Arnold, wrote: "Excuse them how one will, Milton's asperity and acerbity, his want of sweetness of temper, of the Shakespearian largeness and indulgence, are undeniable."

2. Note the *balance* of this sentence, i.e., the similarity of its two parts in construction and rhythm. Something of this quality may be found abundantly in Macaulay. Look for instances.

Alluding to the word "hovel," it is to be remarked that Milton's income, after the Restoration, was equivalent to about £700 of to-day. See Masson's *Life of Milton*.

3. See p. 21, note 1.

4. See list of great names of the 15th century.

the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside.[1] His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells beautiful as fairyland are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works, but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaja in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch[2] in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet, as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an expected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed forever,[3] led him to musings which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterize these little pieces remind us of the Greek Anthology, or perhaps still more of the Collects of the English Liturgy. The noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse.[4]

The Sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less inter-

1. "There appears in his (Milton's) books something like a Turkish contempt for females, as subordinate and inferior beings."—*Johnson's Lives.* You may be able to form your own opinion after reading *Paradise Lost*, Books iv. and v.

2. See previous references.

3. The allusions are to various sonnets of Milton's,—*viii.*, *xi.*, *xii.*, *xv.*, *xix.*, *xx.*, etc.

4. It will repay you to read this piece. You will then appreciate the aptness of the term applied here.

esting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would, indeed, be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences as to the character of a writer from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and of an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind,—at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes,[1] liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with an unwonted fear.

Of these principles, then struggling for their infant existence, Milton was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. We need not say how much we admire his public conduct. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that a large portion of his countrymen still think it unjustifiable. The Civil War, indeed, has been more discussed, and is less understood, than any event

1. See account of the religion of the ancient Persians, in your history.

Observe the clear division of the subject-matter of the essay. After you have finished reading the piece, go over it and divide it into sections, with title or heading for each.

in English history. The friends of liberty laboured under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly.[1] Though they were the conquerors, their enemies were the painters. As a body, the Roundheads had done their utmost to decry and ruin literature; and literature was even with them, as, in the long run, it always is with its enemies. The best book on their side of the question is the charming narrative of Mrs. Hutchinson. May's "History of the Parliament" is good, but it breaks off at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. The performance of Ludlow is foolish and violent; and most of the later writers who have espoused the same cause—Oldmixon, for instance, and Catherine Macaulay—have, to say the least, been more distinguished by zeal than either by candour or by skill. On the other side are the most authoritative and the most popular historical works in our language,—that of Clarendon and that of Hume The former is not only ably written and full of valuab' information, but has also an air of dignity and sincerity which makes even the prejudices and errors with which it abounds respectable. Hume, from whose fascinating narrative the great mass of the reading public are still contented to take their opinions, hated religion so much that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion, and has pleaded the cause of tyranny with the dexterity of an advocate, while affecting the impartiality of a judge.[2]

The public conduct of Milton must be approved or condemned, according as the resistance of the people to Charles I. shall appear to be justifiable or criminal. We shall therefore make no apology for dedicating a few pages to the discussion of that interesting and most important question. We shall not argue it on general grounds. We shall not recur to those primary principles from which the

1. In one of Æsop's fables a lion complains that his race does not know how to paint, otherwise one would see pictures of men conquered by lions, where one sees now only pictures of lions conquered by men.

2. If you wish to study the civil war period, select later authorities, such as Green, Ranke, Carlyle, Lingard.

claim of any government to the obedience of its subjects is to be deduced. We are entitled to that vantage-ground, but we will relinquish it. We are, on this point, so confident of superiority that we are not unwilling to imitate the ostentatious generosity of those ancient knights who vowed to joust without helmet or shield against all enemies, and to give their antagonists the advantage of sun and wind. We will take the naked constitutional question. We confidently affirm that every reason which can be urged in favor of the Revolution of 1688 may be urged with at least equal force in favor of what is called the Great Rebellion.

The principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other purpose than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses.[1] In every venerable precedent they pass by what is essential and take only what is accidental; they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example, there be anything unsound, these flesh flies detect it with an unerring instinct, and dart upon it with a ravenous delight. If some good end has been attained in spite of them, they feel, with their prototype, that their

> "Labour must be to pervert that end,
> And out of good still to find means of evil." [2]

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights,—liberty, security, toleration,—all go for nothing with them. One sect there was which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under

1. The Tories that opposed the Catholic Emancipation Act. You will have already strongly suspected Macaulay of Whigism.

2. *Paradise Lost*, i. 164-5.

close restraint.[1] One part of the empire there was so unhappily circumstanced that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom.[1] These are the parts of the Revolution which the politicians of whom we speak love to contemplate, and which seem to them, not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate, the good which it has produced. Talk to them of Naples,[2] of Spain, or of South America:[3] they stand forth zealots for the doctrine of Divine Right,[4] which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland. Then William[5] is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury[6] are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era! The very same persons who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the Whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's Channel than they begin to fill their bumpers to the glorious and immortal memory.[7] They may truly boast that they look not at men, but at measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it; the arbitrary Charles or the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic or Frederick the Protestant.[8] On such occasions their deadliest opponents

1. Decidedly an ingenious way of putting it. You will understand the allusions, and will note the narrow English idea conveyed by the word "our."

2. Liberal risings had recently taken place in this kingdom.

3. The South American republics that had recently cast off the yoke of Spain.

4. See your *History of England*, reign of James I.

5. Macaulay's argument is, that the extreme Tories of his day approve only of those episodes of the Revolution which he considers unfortunate. They consider it well that William should have treated Ireland as he did, and it is this same treatment which they desire to perpetuate.

6. Leaders in the Revolution.

7. Of William III. This was the regular Whig toast.

8. Ferdinand of Spain and Frederick William III. of Prussia had lately checked movements for a more liberal form of government. In both countries the leaders of the forward party suffered death.

may reckon upon their candid construction. The bold assertions of these people have of late impressed a large portion of the public with an opinion that James II. was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant revolution.

But this certainly was not the case, nor can any person who has acquired more knowledge of the history of those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's "Abridgment" believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or if, wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over. Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning; and, if we may believe them, their hostility was primarily, not to Catholicism, but to tyranny. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic, but they excluded Catholics from the Crown because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous resolution, declared the throne vacant, was this: "that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom."[1] Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688 must hold that the breach of fundamental laws on the part of the sovereign justifies resistance. The question, then, is this: Had Charles I. broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest Royalists, and to the confessions of the king

1. This is a partial statement of the facts. The resolution sets forth that James, "having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of this kingdom by the breaking of the original contract between king and people, and by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked people having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant." Macaulay ignores all grounds but the first one. True, the resolution was inconsistent; but many Tories accepted the new king on the strength of the latter reasons, and not for the reason expressed in the clause which Macaulay quotes.

himself. If there be any truth in any historian of any party who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles, from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament, had been a continued course of oppression and treachery. Let those who applaud the Revolution and condemn the Rebellion mention one act of James II. to which a parallel is not to be found in the history of his father. Let them lay their fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right,[1] presented by the two houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the legislature, raised taxes without the consent of Parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of Parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack on the freedom of debate. The right of petition was grossly violated. Arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments were grievances of daily occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason; if they do, the great Rebellion was laudable.[2]

But, it is said, why not adopt milder measures? Why, after the king had consented to so many reforms and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the Parliament continue to rise in their demands at the risk of provoking a civil war? The ship money had been given up, the Star Chamber had been abolished, provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of Parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good by peaceable and regular means? We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He, too, had offered to call a free Par-

1. See reign of William III. and Mary.

2. Of what statement on p. 37 are the last six sentences an elaboration? What has all this to do with Milton? Note, by way of finding an answer, where you next meet the name of the poet, and where it was last mentioned.

liament, and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we are in the habit of praising our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant. The Long Parliament acted on the same principle, and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the king. He had, no doubt, passed salutary laws; but what assurance was there that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives, but where was the security that he would not resume them? The nation had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind; a man who made and broke promises with equal facility; a man whose honour had been a hundred times pawned and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared to the conduct of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right. The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent; the subsidies are voted; but no sooner is the tyrant relieved than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years the people had seen the rights which were theirs by a double claim — by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase — infringed by the perfidious king who had recognized them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another Parliament. Another chance was given to our fathers; were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened by *le Roi le veut?*[1]

1. The Norman French form of assent to an Act of Parliament—"The King wills it."

Were they again to advance their money on pledges which had been forfeited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then to take their departure, till, after ten years more of fraud and oppression, their prince should again require a supply, and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think they chose wisely and nobly.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James II. no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath, and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates,[1] and the defense is that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six in the morning! It is to such con-

1. Laud is the prelate meant. The author is not always discriminating in his use of superlatives.

siderations as these, together with his Vandyke[1] dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, "a good man, but a bad king." We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at chapel.[2]

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has laboured with an art which is as discreditable in a historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address.[3] The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.[4]

1. The picturesque costume in which he is presented by the Flemish painter, Vandyke.

2. It is hard to believe that our author took himself seriously when he penned this list of amusing antitheses and mirth-provoking railleries.

3. "Forensic address" would be an apt term to apply to our author's effort.

4. It may be rejoined that the Petition of Right was by no means definite on the question of the taxing power of the sovereign. It did not specify what taxes were illegal. The right of the sovereign to impose taxes was not completely renounced until the Declaration of Right, 1689.

These arguments are so obvious that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them, but those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the Parliament, indeed, rarely choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily give birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals[1] fleecing their districts; soldiers reveling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder, taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place; Fifth-monarchy men[2] shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag,[3]— all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath despotic sceptres. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the Civil War. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves.[4] Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

1. Local executives appointed by Cromwell.

2. Those who believed that Christ's kingdom had already come, to succeed the four monarchies of Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome, as foretold by Daniel, the Prophet.

3. *I. Samuel*, xv.

4. A powerful figure, though possibly not Macaulay's own.

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a nation. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people, and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our Civil War. The heads of the Church and State reaped only that which they had sown. The government had prohibited free discussion; it had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If our rulers suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.[1]

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are generally sober. In climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres.[2] It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive

1. What do you think of the writer's answer to the charges made by "the enemies of the Parliament" (page 44)?

Combine the last two sentences into one and note the weakened effect.

2. The plain and town near Cadiz which give their name to the wine called *sherry*.

luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion, and, after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, skepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance, and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her; accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colours or

recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.[1]

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

Therefore it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of public liberty. We are not aware that the poet has been charged with personal participation in any of the blamable excesses of that time. The favourite topic of his enemies is the line of conduct which he pursued with regard to the execution of the king. Of that celebrated proceeding we by no means approve. Still we must say, in justice to the many eminent persons who concurred in it, and in justice more particularly to the eminent person who defended it, that nothing can be more absurd than the imputations which, for the last hundred and sixty years, it has been the fashion to cast upon the Regicides.[2] We have, throughout, abstained from appeal-

1. Apply your own method of punctuation to this paragraph. Whose method do you consider more effective, Macaulay's or your own?

2. What is the derivation of this word?

ing to first principles. We will not appeal to them now. We recur again to the parallel case of the Revolution. What essential distinction can be drawn between the execution of the father and the deposition of the son? What constitutional maxim is there which applies to the former and not to the latter? The king can do no wrong.[1] If so, James was as innocent as Charles could have been. The minister, only, ought to be responsible for the acts of the sovereign. If so, why not impeach Jeffreys and retain James? The person of a king is sacred. Was the person of James considered sacred at the Boyne? To discharge cannon against an army in which a king is known to be posted is to approach pretty near to regicide. Charles, too, it should always be remembered, was put to death by men who had been exasperated by the hostilities of several years, and who had never been bound to him by any other tie than that which was common to them with all their fellow-citizens. Those who drove James from his throne, who seduced his army, who alienated his friends, who first imprisoned him in his palace and then turned him out of it, who broke in upon his very slumbers by imperious messages, who pursued him with fire and sword from one part of the empire to another, who hanged, drew, and quartered his adherents, and attainted his innocent heir,[2] were his nephew and his two daughters.[3] When we reflect on all these things, we are at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the 5th of November,[4] thank God for wonderfully conducting his servant William, and for making all opposition fall before him until he became our king and governor,

1. A maxim of English law: it is the sovereign's ministers or advisers that are held responsible for all acts of state.

2. To *attaint* is to proceed against a person by means of a Bill introduced into Parliament. The proceeding is now obsolete. James Edward Stuart, son of James II., was declared attaint and incapable of ruling, the pretended reason being that he was an illegitimate son.

3. Who are meant? Consult your history for references on this and last pages.

4. See p. 49, note 1.

can, on the 30th of January,[1] contrive to be afraid that the blood of the Royal Martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.

We disapprove, we repeat, of the execution of Charles; not because the constitution exempts the king from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions; nor because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy;" but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage; his heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father; they had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

But though we think the conduct of the Regicides blamable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light.[2] The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred, and the object was to render it as small as possible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion, but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. The very feeling which would have restrained us from committing the act, would have led us, after it had been committed, to defend it against the ravings of servility and super-

1. Previous to 1859, the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England contained a Form of Thanksgiving for November 5th, the anniversary of William's landing and of the Gunpowder Plot. It contained, also, a service in memory of the Royal Martyr, Charles I., to be used on January 30th., "being the day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles."

2. In 1649 Salmasius, professor in Leyden University, arraigned the people of England in his *Defence of Charles I.* Milton replied in his *Defence of the English People* (see p. 6), in which he inflicted a pitiless lashing on his opponent, The work cost him his eyesight. (See the sonnet to his old pupil, Cyriac Skinner.)

stition. For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done while the people disapproved of it. But, for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it when it was done. If anything more were wanting to the justification of Milton, the book of Salmasius would furnish it. That miserable performance is now with justice considered only as a beacon to word-catchers who wish to become statesmen. The celebrity of the man who refuted it, the "Æneæ magni dextra,"[1] gives it all its fame with the present generation. In that age the state of things was different. It was not then fully understood how vast an interval separates the mere classical scholar[2] from the political philosopher. Nor can it be doubted that a treatise which, bearing the name of so eminent a critic, attacked the fundamental principles of all free governments, must, if suffered to remain unanswered, have produced a most pernicious effect on the public mind.

We wish to add a few words relative to another subject, on which the enemies of Milton delight to dwell, — his conduct during the administration of the Protector. That an enthusiastic votary of liberty should accept office under a military usurper seems, no doubt, at first sight, extraordinary. But all the circumstances in which the country was then placed were extraordinary. The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But, even

1. From the Æneid, x. 830. "By the right hand of the great Æneas thou fallest."

2. Salmasius was a classical scholar merely, though of minute and varied erudition.

when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon.[1] For himself he demanded, indeed, the first place in the Commonwealth, but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder or an American president.[2] He gave the Parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had of aggrandizing himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar.[3] Had his moderation been met by corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think that he would have overstepped the line which he had traced for himself. But when he found that his Parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then it must be acknowledged he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Yet, though we believe that the intentions of Cromwell were at first honest, though we believe that he was driven from the noble course which he had marked out for himself by the almost irresistible force of circumstances, though we admire, in common with all men of all parties, the ability and energy of his splendid administration, we are not pleading for arbitrary and lawless power, even in his hands. We know that a good constitution is infinitely

1. The Instrument of Government (1653) widened the franchise and effected a fairer distribution of seats in Parliament.

2. See next sentence for justification of this assertion

3. Who was Bolivar? See your school-book dealing with South America.

better than the best despot. But we suspect that, at the time of which we speak, the violence of religious and political enmities rendered a stable and happy settlement next to impossible. The choice lay, not between Cromwell and liberty, but between Cromwell and the Stuarts. That Milton chose well no man can doubt who fairly compares the events of the Protectorate with those of the thirty years which succeeded it, the darkest and most disgraceful in the English annals. Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundations of an admirable system. Never before had religious liberty and the freedom of discussion been enjoyed in a greater degree. Never had the national honour been better upheld abroad, or the seat of justice better filled at home. And it was rarely that any opposition which stopped short of open rebellion provoked the resentment of the liberal and magnanimous usurper. The institutions which he had established, as set down in the Instrument of Government and the Humble Petition and Advice,[1] were excellent. His practice, it is true, too often departed from the theory of these institutions. But had he lived a few years longer, it is probable that his institutions would have survived him, and that his arbitrary practice would have died with him. His power had not been consecrated by ancient prejudices. It was upheld only by his great personal qualities. Little, therefore, was to be dreaded from a second Protector, unless he were also a second Oliver Cromwell. The events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. His death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the Parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presbyterians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents,[2] sacrificed

1. See account of the Protectorate in your history.

2. See reign of Charles I.

their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love; of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices; the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The king cringed to his rival[1] that he might trample on his people; sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed with complacent infamy her degrading insults and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the policy of the state. The government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema[2] Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch;[3] and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race, accursed of God and man, was a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made on the public character[4] of Milton apply to him only as one of a large body. We shall proceed to notice some of the peculiarities which distinguished him from his contem-

1. Louis of France. Study the allusions, and relate in full the historical facts compressed into this powerful denunciation. Do you consider any of the figures exaggerated, or over-rhetorical?

2. The act of pronouncing "accursed." The Hebrew words, *Maran atha*, mean: *Our Lord cometh*, and have no connection in sense with *anathema*.

3. See *I. Samuel, xxv. 25; I. Kings, xi. 7.*

4. On what page do you find the beginning of these "remarks"? Summarize the author's defence of Milton's public conduct.

poraries. And for that purpose it is necessary to take a short survey of the parties into which the political world was at that time divided. We must premise that our observations are intended to apply only to those who adhered, from a sincere preference, to one or to the other side. In days of public commotion every faction, like an Oriental army, is attended by a crowd of camp-followers, a useless and heartless rabble, who prowl round its line of march in the hope of picking up something under its protection, but desert it in the day of battle, and often join to exterminate it after a defeat. England, at the time of which we are treating, abounded with fickle and selfish politicians, who transferred their support to every government as it rose; who kissed the hand of the king in 1640, and spat in his face in 1649; who shouted with equal glee when Cromwell was inaugurated in Westminster Hall, and when he was dug up to be hanged at Tyburn; who dined on calves' heads or on broiled rumps, and cut down oak branches or stuck them up, as circumstances altered, without the slightest shame or repugnance.[1] These we leave out of the account. We take our estimate of parties from those who really deserve to be called partisans.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced.[2] The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters;

1. The calf's head was used by the Roundheads as contemptuously emblematic of King Charles; the Royalists showed their contempt for the Rump Parliament in the way specified here. The oak branch typified Charles II, who had escaped after the battle at Worcester by hiding in an oak tree.

2. Another superlative.

they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learned. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

> "Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
> Che mortali perigli in se cuntiene:
> Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
> E esser cauti molto a noi conviene."[1]

Those who roused the people to resistance; who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years; who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen; who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy; who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, — were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play,[2] turn from the specious caskets which contain only the death's-head and the fool's-head,

1. From Tasso's *Jerusalem Liberated*. The sentiment is mainly in the first clause: — "Behold the (fatal) fount of Laughter."

2. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favour; and confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.[1] The

1. The words "creation" and "imposition of a mightier hand" convey figures of language. Explain.

very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker, but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision,[1] or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane,[2] he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood,[3] he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid His face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and

1. The sight of God himself.

2. See your history (the Commonwealth). Vane was a Fifth Monarchy man (see page 44).

3. Cromwell's son-in-law and one of his major-generals.

heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus[1] with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learn-

1. The allusion is to Spenser's allegory of Justice. (Faerie Queene, v. 1).

ing and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios[1] with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines[2] of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse boys, gamblers and bravoes, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars[3] to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the king was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ,—with the mutes who throng their ante-chambers, and the Janissaries[4] who mount guard at their gates. Our Royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling cour-

1. See *Acts, xviii. 17.*

2. The Girondists. See History.

3. A district in London.

4. The famous body-guard of the Sultan of Turkey, composed mainly of prisoners stolen in youth from Christian parents and trained to arms. They were abolished in 1826.

tiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction, dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and, like the Red Cross Knight,[1] they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth, they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table,[2] they had also many of its virtues,—courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a freethinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic

1. The hero of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book I. Duessa was the allegorical *Deceit*.

2. See Tennyson's *Last Tournament*.

cloister,[1] from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

"As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest skeptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon,[2] their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero[3] of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Sirens, yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe,[4] but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its

1. That is, from the religions of Dissenters and of Episcopalians. What figure is this?

2. Of scriptural language. Look up the word.

3. Ulysses.

4. The enchantress, of the *Odyssey*, whose cup transformed men into beasts.

bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the "Penseroso,"[1] which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than anything else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello.[2] His heart relents, but his hand is firm. He does naught in hate, but all in honour. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendour still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against ship money and the Star Chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment.[3] These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as

1. These lines might be memorized—*Il Penseroso*, ll. 155–166.

2. Of Shakespeare's play.

3. Do you find many antitheses in the Essay, many similes, or parallels?

tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the king and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

> "Oh, ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
> And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
> And backward mutters of dissevering power,
> We cannot free the Lady that sits here
> In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless." [1]

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians; for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle, but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf.[2] With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system,[3] in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes.[4] His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses

1. *Comus*, l. 815.

2. By the terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, Presbyterianism became the established religion of England as well as of Scotland.

3. One of Milton's finest prose efforts is the *Areopagitica*, a speech for the freedom of unlicensed printing—*i.e.*, for the freedom of the press from censorship.

4. See *Exodus xiii. 9*; *Deut. vi. 8*.

than against those deeply seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded,—the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapours, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical.[1] He stood up for divorce and regicide. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility :—

> "Nitor in adversum ; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
> Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi." [2]

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English

1. See page 5, notes 3 and 4.

2. From the Roman poet, Ovid. Phœbus, the sun-god, addresses these words to Phaethon, who aspires to drive the chariot of the sun : "I strive against opposition ; but the force which compels all else does not conquer me, and I hold my course in the face of the swiftly moving heavens."

language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold.[1] The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the "Paradise Lost" has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the "Areopagitica" and the nervous rhetoric of the "Iconoclast,"[2] and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the treatise "Of Reformation" and the "Animadversions on the Remonstrant." But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory

1. Whence is this figure derived?

2. Published as a reply to *Eikon Basilike*, a book by Dr. Gauden portraying the sufferings of King Charles. What is the meaning of the word?

and his affliction. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavour to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues;[1] the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his quaker friend Ellwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings.[2] Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism.[3] But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High.[4] These great men we trust we know how to prize, and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger[5] sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were

1. Is there a tendency to rhapsody in this sentence?

2. Yes, if insincere, or exaggerated.

3. Boswell, the disciple and biographer of Johnson, idolized his master.

4. Do not let the figure of language pass without criticism.

5. Philip Massinger (1583–1640), one of whose finest plays is *The Virgin Martyr*

distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.[1]

1. Was criticism the end Macaulay had in view in writing the *Essay on Milton?* Turn to where the author states definitely his purpose.

Does the piece convey to your mind a sense of completeness—a sense of satisfaction, that the author has accomplished the end which he set before him?

Have you found the piece easy reading? Is the writer's meaning generally easy to grasp? Can you point to any obscure sentences? Is the style often argumentative? Mention some passages to illustrate. Is it powerful or convincing?

What figures have you noticed? Which are the most abundant? Quote some figures that please you particularly.

Write a paragraph on Milton in the style of Macaulay. Memorize some paragraph that pleases you and then imitate its style.

Does the author appear to have been a wide reader? From what languages and from what classes of writings has he quoted?

Is his vocabulary extensive? Have you met many words new to you? Is the writer precise in his language—careful to use the exact synonym? Is his proportion of words of classical origin large as compared with, say, Walter Scott? Take two pages of each writer and make a count.

How does the author arrange his subject-matter? Summarize some one of the divisions into which the Essay falls.

Have you any general or particular faults to find with the author? Is he ever unjust, illogical, or abusive? Where? Is he more advocate than critic? Does he seem to be a man who knows his own mind? Is he outspoken? Quote in support of your views.

NON
CIRC.

SP.
COLL.

Books of Reference.

Chambers Encyclopædia. 10 vols., cloth	$30 00
" " " ½ Mor	45 00
" Cyclopædia of English Literature. 2 vols	6 00
Webster's International Dictionary, full leather, patent Index	11 00
Bagehot's Literary Studies. 3 vols	3 00
Oliphant's History of English Literature. 3 vols	2 70
Buckland's Story of English Literature	1 00
Choice of Books—by Frederic Harrison	90
Letters on Literature—Andrew Lang	1 00
rature of the Second Century	1 50
espeare—" His Mind and Art "—by Dowden	1 75
ison's Selections from the Spectator	1 35
amtsbury's History of Elizabethan Literature	1 25
Taine's History of English Literature	1 00
Saintsbury's History of 19th Century Literature	1 50
The Times Atlas, containing 118 pages of Maps and an Alphabetical Index, &c. 130,000 names. ½ Morocco	8 50
rewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable	3 00
t Sketch of English Literature—by Henry Morley	2 25
tlett's Familiar Quotations	1 00
b's English Synonyms	1 00
ow's Synonyms and Antonyms	1 00

Our Catalogue of Standard Books mailed free to any address.

T. C. ALLEN & CO.,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Progressive School Series.

Common School Arithmetic, by Kennedy and O'Hearn.

Part I	$ 15
" II	15
" III	15
All three parts bound in one volume	40

Academic Arithmetic, being Part Four of the Progressive School Series of Arithmetics, by Kennedy and O'Hearn 40

Health Reader, Part I 20

" " " II 30

Sir Roger DeCoverly Papers, with introduction and Notes 15

Milton's L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus & Lycidas, with introduction and notes—by A. Cameron, Principal of the Yarmouth Academy... 15

Macaulay's Essay on Milton with Introduction and notes—by David Soloan, B. A..... 15

Evangeline, with Introduction and Notes..... 15

Conversation Method in German—by Hans Lothar Bober, M. A., Professor of Modern Languages, [illegible]gs College, and A. McKay, Supervisor of Schools Halifax, N. S..... 1 00

Physical Drill for Public Schools—by Sergeant Bailey, H. M. Army, and Alex. McKay, Supervisor of Schools, Halifax..... 30

Allen's Rule Scale for Mathematical Drawing. 5

Book-keeping Blanks, Elementary 12

" " Advanced 25

" " Eaton & Frazees Combined... 25

School Day Melodies, a Text Book for Schools, In Tonic Sol Fa and Fa Notation—by Ada F. Ryan, G. T. S. C. (In Press)

Text-Book on Cookery for Schools—by Helen N. Bell, Principal of the Halifax Cookery School. (In Press)